By drunken propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.
And if king Edward be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe, and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewed vp,
About a propheſie which ſaies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherer ſhall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Here Clarence comes, *a guard of men.*
Brother, good daye; what meanes this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?
Cla. His maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. (pointed
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is George.
Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your godfathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the Tower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know, for I proteſt
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
Theſe as I learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are ruld by women,
Tis not the king that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhe.
That temps him to this extremitie:
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe Clarence, we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man is ſecurde
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe Shore:
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuerie?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the king,
To be her men and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie goſſips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your Graces both to pardō me:
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euē ſo & pleaſe your worſhip Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the king
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous.
We ſay that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes.
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue naught to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone.
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldſt thou betray me?
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare
Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow ſiſter,